

than they would by waiting until they are old, before coming to Christ. Sin has not left its stain, and their hearts are tender and easily touched, and as Christianity is a growth, they grow up as perfect men and women in *Christ*.

Oh, yes there is work for the children,
That Jesus will help them to do,
If they to his voice will but listen,
And always be faithful and true.
Lanark, Ill.

Home Circle.

NO PLACE FOR BOYS.

What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay,
If he is always told to get out of the way?
He cannot sit here and he must not stand there;
The cushions that cover the fine rocking-chair
Were put there, of course to be seen and admired.

A boy has no business to ever be tired.
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room
Are not made to walk on—at least, not by boys;
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what if their feet,

Sent out of our houses, sent into the street,
Should step around the corner and pause at the door

Where other boys' feet have paused often before;
Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,

Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright

Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice,
And tempting say, "Here's a place for the boys!"

Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or mine

Should cross o'er the threshold which marks out the line

'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?
O, what if they should, because you and I,
While the days and the months and the years hurry by,

Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys

To make our round hearthstone a place for the boys?

There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere;

And if our own homes are too dainty fair
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,

They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street,
'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice;
And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price

For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs,
If we fail to provide a place for the boys.

A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray,
As cares settle down round our short earthly way,
Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds,
To show we remember their pleasures and needs.
Though our souls may be vexed with problems of life,

And worn with besetments and toilings and strife,
Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine—

If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;
And to our life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys

That we kept a small corner—a place for the boys.
—*Boston Transcript*.

GRACEFUL INTRODUCTIONS.

"How shall I perform an introduction?" inquires a girl who likes to do things gracefully, and who is entirely right in her notion that for most things there is a right way and also a wrong one.

Introducing people is neither difficult nor occult, and it requires no special training. There are a few very simple rules to be observed. You present a gentleman to a lady, and a younger to an older person. You are careful to speak clearly and distinctly, for nothing is more embarrassing than to have a stranger's name mumbled so that it remains unknown, thus defeating the end of the introduction. You do not say, "Mamma, let me present my classmate," leaving your mother to guess at the part of your speech which was really the most important; you say, "My classmate, Miss Leonard." And, equally, when you are introducing Miss Leonard to your friend you do not say, "Alice, may I introduce my cousin Sophie," in which case neither young woman would have the least idea of more than the other's Christian name. If a person is a personage—a professor, or doctor, or clergyman, or in any way noted or famous—the tactful young girl makes the title a part of her introduction, so that the people presented to him are aware that they are honored by the new acquaintance.
—*Harper's Round Table*.

"HELP."

It would make an exceedingly instructive Bible reading to take the word "help" and run it through all the modes and tenses in which it is conjugated in the Scriptures. "He is our help and our shield." "A very present help in trouble." "From whence shall my help come? My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." "Our help is in the name of the Lord." This was the testimony of the apostle to the interposition of God in his behalf when he stood before Agrippa and told the story of his conversion and of his obedience to the heavenly vision, and of what had come of it: "Having therefore obtained the help that is from God, I stand unto this day testifying both to small and great." It would brighten all faces to realize fully what resources of help there are for burdened and tempted and sinful souls in the grace of God.—*The Advance*.

SUCCESSFUL SOUL-WINNING.

A large part of our work of winning souls is personal—that is, it is a work between man and man. God has ordained that usually when an unsaved person is to be led to the Savior, it shall be done through some human agent. As Andrew

found Peter, as Philip found Nathaniel, as Jesus found the woman at Jacob's well, so are we to seek after souls, and patiently, lovingly win them to their Redeemer. In point of fact, nearly every regenerate person can trace his religious life to the agency of some individual. Sometimes it is a mother's prayers, sometimes a father's counsel, sometimes the holy living of one of God's children. But even more frequently our religious experience can be traced to a word directly spoken by some one in whose Christian character we had confidence. An unsaved person may sit under the most faithful preaching for years and remain unmoved, whilst the simple question, directly spoken, "Are you a Christian?" may do more to awaken his conscience than any number of sermons.—*George Whitman*.

MISJUDGED.

Speaking of how we often misjudge people's motives, and how, sometimes, because we see at the moment but a part of what they are about, we reach harsh conclusions, "The Quiver" cites the following: "Among the lots put up at auction was one, 'A pretty pair of crutches.' In the crowd was a poor crippled boy, and the crutches were just the thing for him. He was the first to bid for them. An elderly, well dressed man bid against him. There were cries of 'Shame! shame!' in the crowd. The boy bid again and so did the old gentleman. The boy bid all he had, but the old gentleman outbid him once more, and the poor little lad turned away with tears in his eyes. The crutches were knocked down to the elderly man, who, to the great surprise of all, took them to the poor little cripple and made him a present of them. The crowd were now as enthusiastic in their praise as they had been in their abuse, but the old gentleman heard nothing of it; he had disappeared even before the little boy could thank him. To judge by a part is often to misjudge the whole."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

BABY'S LOGIC.

To-day I asked my mamma if I could whittle,
Yes, I did.

"Oh, no, my girlie," said she, "you're too little,"
So she did.

But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe,
I cried, I did.

She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so,"
That's what she did.

Why can't I cry if I am little?
Or, if I'm big, why can't I whittle?

—*St. Louis Republic*.

Base envy withers at another's joy, and
hates that excellence it cannot reach.—
Thomson.